

The Historie of

Coosen, on Wednesday next, our counsell we will hold
At *Winfor*, so informer the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be sayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.
West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales and Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fals. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon Benches
after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truly,
which thou wouldest truly know. What a deuill hast thou to
doe with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of
Sacke, and minutes Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bawdes,
and Dials the signes of Leaping houses, and the blessed Sunne
himselfe a faire hot Wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I see
no reason why thou shouldest be superfluous to demaund the
time of the day.

Fals. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take
Purses, goe by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by *Pha-*
buis, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethee sweete
wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace; Maiesty
I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. VVhat none?

Fals. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to be pro-
logue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. VVell, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fals. Mary then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs
that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the
dayes beauty: let vs be *Dimaes* Forresters, Gentlemen of the
shade, minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of
good gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble
and chaste Mistress the Moone; vnder whose countenance we
Reale.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holdes well too, for the for-
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe and flow like
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for
proofe.

Henry the fourth.

proofe. Now a Purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Mon-
day night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning;
got with swearing lay by, and spent with crying bring in:
now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by & by
in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

Fals. By the Lord thou saiest true lad: and is not my Ho-
stesse of the Tauerne a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Castle; and is
not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fals. How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips
and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe
Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse
of the Tauerne?

Fals. Well, thou hast cald her to a reckoning many a time
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fals. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast payd all there.

Prim. Yea and else where, so far as my coyne would stretch;
and where it would not, I haue vsed my credit.

Fals. Yea, and so vsde it, that were it not heere apparant that
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shal there be
Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? & resoluti-
on thus subd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the
Law: doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prim. No, thou shalt.

Fals. Shall I? Orare! by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prim. Thou iudget fals already. I meane thou shalt haue the
hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fals. VVell *Hal*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prim. For obtaining of sutes?

Fals. Yea, for obtaining of sutes, whereof the Hangman
hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as malancholy as a gyb
Cat, or a lugg Beare.

Prim. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Fals. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prim. VVhat sayest thou to a Hare, or the malancholy of
Moore-